S.U. 563 648 [208] The Soviet Government remembered very conveniently, that there were old Georgian national claims against Turkey which Bolshevism had persistently ignored during 27 years, but which could easily be revived to embarrass the Turks. Two Georgian professors, S. N. Dzhanashia and N. Berdzenishvili, started the job by publishing a long learned article in the Tiflis newspaper *Kommunisti* on December 14th, 1945. Ge. 186 648 [814] In this article, entitled 'Our Lawful Demands to Turkey', the two Georgian historians claimed for Georgia all territories which Georgia had lost from the Middle Ages onwards. They included, in particular, a coastline 170 miles long on the Turkish shores of the Black Sea.

The Georgian professors said 'We appeal to world public opinion concerning our ancient lands wrested from us by Turkey. This is not a matter of an insignificant territorial infringement, but of the seizure from us of the cradle of our individuality as a nation; of a crime which cut in two the living national body. . . . The Georgian people must get back their lands which they never gave up and cannot give up'.[28]

The world outside Georgia would never have learned of this re-birth of an outspoken Georgian national imperialism, had not the Moscow newspaper *Pravda* reprinted the entire article in Russian translation a few days later.

Ge. [538] What the historians had started was carried on by poets and playwrights. Thus Grigol Abashidze, co-author of the Georgian national anthem, wrote a collection of poems, *On the Southern Border*, in which he passionately advocated the reunion of the Georgian territories of Turkey with the Georgian motherland. North-Eastern Anatolia appears in Abashidze's poetry as the Georgian Province of 'Tao'. In one of his poems Abashidze promised that 'Tao' including the two ancient cultural centres of the Georgian people, Khandzta and Tbeti, would become Georgian again:

Ge. [539]

Tao, O Tao, our country thou,
Cradle thou of Georgian glory!

Ploughland of my forebears' furrows,
Brooded o'er by ancient towers,
How wast thou beset by sorrows
'Ere decay befell thy flowers!

Tao, O Tao, I hear thee, Tao,
Hear thy weary sighing dying.

Khandzta weeps and Tbeti murmurs;
Brothers' hearts there turn towards us.
One day Tao will join our numbers
'Neath the flag that proudly guards us.

1/ [i.e. in launching a "diplomatic offensive against Turkey after World War II - Analyst]

53: Sokolov B-4, 5 (no date) 1950 R1 Soviet Union R1
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The winds are howling, the rain is pouring, but still the light shines—
Lenin is braver and brighter than the sun! For Lenin there is no night!
Wonder of wonders! All the poor people have become one family,
Let the people govern themselves wisely and justly,
Such a sun the earth has never seen in its time.
Lenin has said: Let the poor man reach out to the poor man a brotherly hand.[27]

When the terrible news of Lenin's death shook the whole family of Soviet peoples, the popular poets and singers responded to the death of the beloved leader with a great number of sorrowful songs and poetic laments. And again, many of the popular poets had recourse to the figure of Lenin the Sun. The sun, the source of light and symbol of eternity, again was blended with the figure of the leader of the people.

For all the grievousness of the loss that had been sustained, the popular songs expressed the inexhaustible optimism of a people who had conquered, and their faith in the unshakable solidity of that which had been won by the laboring people under the banner and guidance of Lenin.

G
● 539 SU X538 A certain Georgian peasant singer has beautifully expressed the feelings and thoughts of the peasants and working people. He, who so deeply felt and understood all the power and significance of the sun in a worker's life, has with great artistic conviction sung of the two suns. ("Two Suns" is the title of his song.)

Sun, sun, enough of tears!
Let the day shine over woe.
Ilyich was a friend to you—
Dress him now in diamonds!
The seas cannot contain our tears,
No one can count our tears;
Smile, coming out of the clouds,
And do not echo the sobs of the earth! . . .
Before Ilyich came,
We had only you to console us,

[27] *Ibid.*, p. 16.

53: Sokolov B-4, 5 (no date) 1950 R1 Soviet Union R1
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No one loved us then,
Only you gave us warmth.
We warmed our bodies in your rays,
But surely our soul was frozen within us!
Who can count up how many of us perished,
Hurrying to procure a crust of bread? . . .
There are two suns—you give us warmth and light,
You give color to our life;
To extinguish your deathless rays—
There is no power in the universe which can do that![28]

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The death of Vladimir Ilyich left the laboring people thunderstruck. The grief of the people was outpoured in the beautiful works of the folk poets. The death of Lenin served as the basis for a multitude of popular traditions and legends. Both Suleyman Stalsky and Dzhambul Dzhabayev composed their heartfelt songs on the death of Lenin; also the Russian narrator of the North, Martha S. Krukova, composed her touching lament.

It is highly significant that in the songs and laments composed by the popular singers on Lenin's death, for all the force of the people's grief as expressed in them, there is no despair. In all the folk songs is heard a note of confidence in the immortality of Lenin's work. This confidence is strengthened by the thought that Lenin's work has passed over into the trustworthy hands of his gifted pupil and friend—the great Stalin.

In the creative perception of the folk singers, the figures of both leaders—Lenin and Stalin—are joined with one another, just as in actual life the work of Lenin and of Stalin was one.

The vow of Stalin at the bier of his teacher is reflected in many songs of the various peoples of the Soviet Union.

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A movingly beautiful account of Stalin's great vow is given in a song composed in Ossetia, which presents the thoughts and emotions of all the laboring people:

Many wise people had died before Lenin,
But the death of Lenin struck terror into our hearts.
We followed the bier with our standards lowered.
The people do not recall a time of severer frost. . . .

[28] *Ibid.*, pp. 61-62.